



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

NOVEMBER
1964





THOUSANDS of people line the streets of Kunming to welcome the first truck convoy to China on February 4, 1945. U.S. Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **This issue** of Ex-CBI Roundup was prepared before our "Return to India," with scheduled printing and mailing during our absence from the United States. By the time it arrives we will probably be heading back toward home, and we hope to have new pictures and information to bring you in later issues. We're only sorry that all of you couldn't be with us!

● **In case** you plan an overseas visit, be sure to start early on immunizations, applying for passports, visas, etc. It takes far more time than you may think. And make certain at an early date that you have a birth certificate the State Department will accept; otherwise you may become involved in a lot of extra "red tape." We know from experience!

● **Cover photo** shows American and Chinese personnel lined up at the Ledo-Burma road junction in January 1945 as the first convoy to China stops near the Burma-India border. This is an Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

● **Regardless** of political beliefs and affiliations, it is of interest to all CBIs that one of our number is a candidate for the office of President of the United States. Your editor had the opportunity to work with Barry Goldwater for approximately two years in the early days of World War II, and is very happy to claim his friendship. It will be interesting to see the results of the 1964 election.

● **Moving?** Be SURE to send us your new address!

NOVEMBER, 1964



All Getting Older

● Ex-CBI Roundup is one magazine I would not give up. It just reminds me that we are all getting older; I was over in India from 1943 to 1945. It is great to hear what a lot of CBIs have to say about India and Burma. This is one great magazine that helps to keep the old CBIs together.

LESLIE MANNING,
Flemington, N. J.

Postal Service

● Didn't know there was such a magazine until recently, when another CBI showed me some copies. I like it; so put me down for a year's subscription. I was T/5 in Postal Service with 5th Base Post Office, but most of time on DS to Parbatipur, India, and Myitkyina, Burma. Thanks for keeping memories alive.

GUS H. CRUMPLER,
Harrison, Arkansas



PUSHKARRA] temple in South India. Photo by Dushyant V. Patel.



EN ROUTE to the Burma Road, American infantrymen of the 2nd Battalion, 475th Infantry Regiment, march through Namma, one of the few friendly Kachin villages. Guides from Namma assisted the troops in their march across trailless mountain ranges 6,900 feet high. U.S. Army Photo from Albert T. Willis, Jr.

Railway Veterans

● At the annual reunion convention of the 721st Railway Operating Battalion Veterans Association held recently in New York City the following officers were elected: President, Hugh P. O'Neill, 3739 Bandon Drive, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154 and Secretary-Treasurer Paul D. Quinn, 650 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19126. O'Neill, an employee of the Frankford Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, announced that the 1965 convention has been awarded to the city of Philadelphia and will be held at the Sheraton Hotel on July 30-31, 1965. Arrangements are being handled by President O'Neill and Secretary-Treasurer Quinn, chief investigator in the Freight Claim Department of the Reading Railroad. Also on the committee is Charles Alesio, 132 Jones St., Belmont Hills, Philadelphia, Pa. 19127, an inspector for the Eastern weighing and Inspection Bureau. The 721st Railroad

Operating Battalion operated the Bengal and Assam Railway in India during World War 2, hauling military supplies and personnel from Calcutta to the China border.

PAUL D. QUINN,
Philadelphia, Pa.



BIRLA Temples at New Delhi, India. Photo by Dushyant V. Patel.

When CBIs Meet

● Recently I happened to be at the New York State Industrial Arts Teachers Conference, when the man across the breakfast table—Edgar Tulloch of Brockport, N.Y.—spotted my CBI pin. "Isn't that a CBI emblem?" he asked. And then—though we had never met before—we were "off." What the other people at the table thought, I don't know—but they ate in relative silence while we two told tales of Myitkyina airstrip, of slogging through the jungles in rain and dust, of mosquitos and leeches, of Dr. Seagrave and "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, British rest camps, pet monkeys, bargaining for articles in the Jorhat bazaar, and the "jeep railroad."

GLENN HESS,
Clay, N.Y.

Costanza Promoted

● Paul P. Costanza of Rochester, a CBI veteran, was recently promoted to lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve. He is vice president and yard manager for Ridge Lumber, Inc. During World War II he served 48 months in CBI as a bomber pilot.

E. J. BERNARD,
Rochester, N.Y.



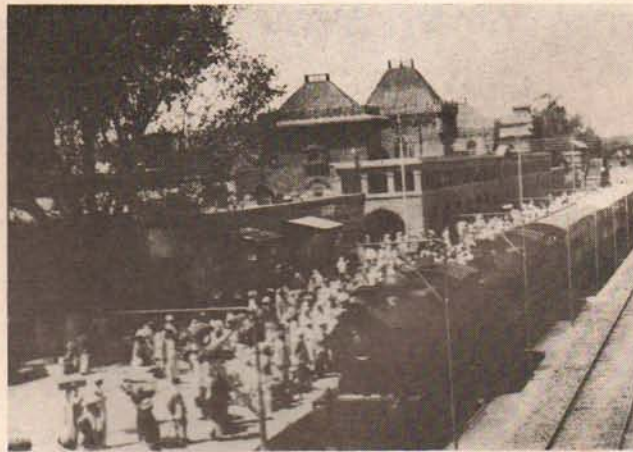
ROAD SIGN at Mile 0.00, Ledo. Photo by Charles E. Mason, M.D.

India and China

● Enjoy Roundup very much. I served two years in India around Dibrugarh in Assam; then flew the Hump in a C-46 transport, landing at Kunming, China, and was there until after the war. The China war broke out about Oct. 3, 1945, I believe; this civil war started about the time we were leaving. We flew out of Kunming at night in a C-54, flying the Hump and landing at Calcutta four hours and 35 minutes later. On Oct. 7, 1945, we loaded on the USS General Brooke with 3,386 troops aboard, came through Suez Canal and landed back in New York Nov. 3, 1945. I went overseas July 10, 1943, leaving from New York aboard the USS West Point with 10,000 troops aboard. I was with the 782 M.P. Bn. until we arrived in India and then deactivated and my unit became the 272nd M.P. Co. I have been in the radiator business most of the time since I was discharged Nov. 10, 1945. I would welcome a visit or letter from any of my outfit; would especially like to know the whereabouts of

Capt. Hugh E. Rahn, my CO, who did live in Georgia. He was one of the best I ever met; anyone having information about him please let me know. Come on, you CBI guys, let's hear from you through Roundup. (I'd be better known by my buddies as Big Charley Harness.)

CHARLES HARNESS,
513 N. Vine,
Harrison, Arkansas



RAILHEAD at Raxalpindi, near Rest Camp 6 at Khanspur in the north central part of India. Photo by Vernon H. Jones.

Brazil in 1964

● In March 1963 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, a crammed-with-nostalgia article appeared on the troopship Brazil. Sixty days of zigging and zagging to finally land in Karachi in May, 1942. Those who have never-dying memories of sailing aboard her from Charleston, S.C., in March, 1962 may be interested in her present whereabouts. An article in National Geographic magazine, September 1964 edition, states she is in mothballs along with hundreds of other government ships in deep waters of James River, Chesapeake Bay area. The author of the article also went to war on the Brazil. Thus, she is still available as a troopship. Let's hope she doesn't see that duty again.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Dayton, Ohio

Evacuation Hospital

● Served in CBI for 33 months with the 48th Evacuation Hospital.

ROBERT T. ROCHE,
Irwin, Pa.

3rd Combat Cargo

● Was with the 3rd Combat Cargo Group at Sylhet, Moran, Dinjan and Myitkyina.

CHARLES L. HALL,
St. Ann, Mo.

Opening Roads to Old Cathay

By JAMES F. WALL

From a War-Time History Published in April 1945

The Second World War will probably be ranked in the future as the greatest action ever engaged in by mankind. At this writing there is no doubt but that the forces of freedom will overpower the enemy. This unfortunately, was not always so certain. About the time the 80th Fighter Group was being organized, Germany, Italy, and Japan were perilously close to conquering the world. We should never forget this fact.

By spring of 1942, the Axis had a powerful grip on the strategic sections of the world. It was a case of the enemy being ahead in the last half of the ninth inning and having two outs and two strikes on us. We could have lost the war much more easily than we have now won it.

In the West, Germany had all of Europe under control—all except the British Isles and Russia east of Moscow. In the Mediterranean, Germany and Italy had all but a fraction of the coast line under occupation, and all of the strategic islands except Malta. The final corner of the great sea, around Cairo and Suez, was in danger. Rommel's Afrika Corps was pushing the British back to El Alamein, almost to Alexandria, and from the north the German drives from the Russian Caucasus and Greece, with the aid of a neutral Turkey, could have gained the Axis most of the important land between England and India.

In the East, Japan's threat started on the other side of India and spread to the Aleutians and the shores of Australia, covering an area even more vast than the Axis sphere in the West. She held all of the East Indies and New Guinea and the Solomons and thousands of smaller islands that looked like they had to be retaken one by one. She had those sections of China which, if compared to the United States would have roughly equalled all of our country from Maine and New York to Chicago and north of the Mason-Dixon line. She had all of Southeast Asia—including Burma.

Thus the Axis had "done the impossible" and had most of the world outside of the Americas in its grasp—and they had advance agents working inside the Americas. Not one of the major Allies—the U.S., Britain, Russia or China, was at that time ready to meet the foe on equal terms. Looking back, it would

seem that one of the chief reasons we did not abandon all hope is that we hardly realized the extent of our plight.

That was how the war looked early in the summer of 1942. The Allies got off to a start shortly after that, with the Solomons and North Africa. These two campaigns established the patterns for the battles to follow in the Pacific and Europe.

Southeast Asia, however, presented a unique problem, and a pressing one. China, the country most suited for an attack on Japan, was blockaded. Japan controlled all of China's approaches from the west and south; Russia bulked neutral on the north; and there was the Himalayan "Hump" and the Jap garrison in Burma at the west, or India side. Allied policy decided that China must be supported, supplied and spared as much as possible from Japanese military occupation. The conquest of the target, Japan, would be doubly difficult with China denied to Allied forces.

How could China be supplied? If not from the sea of Russia, then only from India. How from there? Only by air over the Hump, because the sole land route—the Burma Road—was sealed off by the Japs who in May of 1942 had swept into and beyond Myitkyina, the key town of North Burma.

This presented the problem: to start an air supply route from China to India, and meanwhile prepare a campaign to push the Japs back from the Burma Road, so to clear the land artery. Both were done, and the 80th Fighter Group played a steady, capable part in the opening and maintaining of both "roads" to old Cathay.

The air route looked hazardous to the hardest of old mail-line pilots, but it loomed a mite easier than building, supplying and bringing an army through the thick jungles of North Burma held by the jungle-wise Japs. The "Hump Express" started in a small way late in 1942, bringing the first vital cargoes into China after almost a year of near-absolute blockade.

The group soon went to work. Its first phase of combat operations was to protect the transports flying the Hump from attacks by the raiding Jap planes while flying in the patrol area. The Hump became more and more secure from enemy action when the second route to China—via the Ledo Road—started seeping southeast through Burma's jungle Hukawng Valley toward Myitkyina and a

junction with the Burma Road. In this campaign the Group was given its second and third missions: serving as "flying artillery" in coordination with General Stilwell's infantry when a strong Jap defense point needed a good blasting; and "strategic bombing" on the Jap lines of communication coming to the front lines from the south.

Here again these missions were accomplished. The Jap communication lines were allowed no rest. Working under the Tenth U.S. Air Force, planes of the group picked out and destroyed supply dumps, big and small, day in and day out, denying the Nips anything near full equipment. And to prevent further supplies from being brought up to confront the Stilwell forces, our planes started a relentless campaign of bridge-busting. Large bridges were few and, small bridges were hard to find and harder to hit, but with experience the pilots developed pin-point accuracy and on most occasions when they were assigned a bridge, they got it. Through many months to January of 1945, the Group rendered unserviceable a total of 177 bridges. At this writing our "Number 200" is not far distant.

Flying joint operations with the ground forces, however, was probably the work for which the Group will be best remembered. It certainly will rank highest with the ground troops themselves. Our dive-bombers worked with every battalion of every regiment and division, from Shing-huiyang at the northwest corner of Hukawng Valley, through the valley and down the Mogaung Valley past Tingkaw Sakan, Shaduzup, Warazup, Inkangah-taung, Kamaing, and Mogaung, and over the hills with Merrill's Marauders to Myitkyina itself. This push started at the top of the "Little Hump" on the India-Burma border in October of 1943. Mogaung was taken near the end of June, '44, and Myitkyina fell after a 78-day siege on 3rd August. It had been a painful, tortuous campaign for the infantry. They had advanced the 150 air miles (but umpteen times that number of ground miles) at just over a mile a day, the last four months through the unforgettable 1944 monsoon.

In this campaign, dive-bombing proved a necessity. Not only did the jungle terrain prevent the proper use of tanks and artillery, but the nature of the Jap defense required that every last pillbox guarding a road be dealt a powerful, precision blow. This was the situation, and our pilots went to work. Very shortly they established the confidence in themselves and in the ground troops, who would be waiting for the bombing to soften up the Japs, that the dive-bombers could hit the pillboxes, and "flying ar-

tillery" became "the way to do it." It was not unusual for our planes, in contact with the ground radio party, to successfully blast a Nip machine gun position less than 200 yards from our own troops.

In the battle for Myitkyina (which is strategically located in Burma comparable to, say, Boston, in the U.S.) the Group's P-40's got in their last, and most telling, licks. The work of our organization, which regularly destroyed Jap targets 20, 30, and 40 yards from friendly troops, became legendary in Burma and perhaps elsewhere, and is described more fully later.

During the summer, we re-converted to P-47's, and moved bag and baggage across the hills to Burma. Between August and November there was a lull in the Allied advance, but in November, December, and January the campaign in North Burma was pushed to a climax—the reopening of the Burma Road. The towns of Bhamo, Katha, Indaw, Twinng, Loiwing, and Namkham had been taken and juncture effected with the Chinese army of the Salween, and the first convoy of 100 vehicles had made the trip from Ledo to Kunming. Japan's masterfully-devised blockade around stricken China had now been doubly broken, once by land and once by air. Brief but historic ceremonies were held as the Allies from the West met the Allies from the East at the village of Wanting (the twain has met) on 28 January. Fittingly, a patrol of P-47's from the Group circled overhead at the long-awaited rendezvous. In the whirlwind three-month dash the Group had offered the same type of dive bombing as they had in the previous campaign with P-40's. The Nips this time, their bridge broken behind them and their supplies chewed up by "strategic" bombing, were much more willing to retreat southward.

At this writing, the Allied columns are "On the Road to Mandalay"; large transports fly unmolested from India and Burma to China; and convoys roll on the Ledo-Burma (Stilwell) Road to the same front.

This somewhat completes one phase of the Group's operational contribution to the Second World War, the one that we might have lost. It has been gratifying to all hands to see the campaign come to a successful conclusion. The Group believes it played an important role in the campaign. In having the opportunity to play this role, it was perhaps fortunate to be in the position to remain as close as it did to the center of things, to feel that "we're really fighting the war." We have been fortunate, too, that the turn of events have not proven unfavorable and that we have been

able to stick to our mission and find pride in seeing it well done. We are thankful that we had the chance to do our part in a struggle on the same side with so many millions of other persons who also believed they were fighting or working against the forces of evil.

About Being Overseas

The war, although the most unfortunate event of our generation, brought before our eyes that we would not have seen in peacetime. The broadening, deepening influence of travel was almost forced upon us. We learned a lot, things that will amuse us to recall after the war, and some other stuff that might educate us to become better citizens of the U.S.A.

Some of us travelled around the U.S. a good bit before coming over. There we could see for ourselves other sections of the country than our own, and each with its particular interests, values and functions. There were the mills, mines and the timber camps, the farms, large and small, the orchards and vineyards, the vast cattle country; the factories, the wholesale and retail places, and the arteries of commerce. Our eyes were opened; "Maybe my section of the country isn't the only important section after all; these other places seem pretty busy and important too," we mused.

Then we went overseas. Our sentiments were mixed; some very happy to go and found it unbearable when they arrived; others were reluctant but took it like soldiers. However we felt, though, we couldn't help but see and hear things that were new and unusual, informative and amusing, things we had never before encountered.

The boat or plane would stop at foreign ports of all descriptions. Some surprised us with their modernity: everybody wore suits, shirts, shoes and dresses just like us Americans, and they liked jitterbugging, ice cream and the movies; their buildings were made out of wood, stone, cement, steel and glass, and they had autos running on paved streets. These places were more like our own cities than the steaming jungles, mysterious Kasbahs and mud-and-thatch villages we'd seen in the movies and read about in school.

But apart from these larger towns, the countries and places we saw were quite unlike our home towns. In India poverty seemed a national custom. There were many things, some we'd rather forget but others we might recall, for the sake of old times . . .

Being pulled about in rickshas by coolies; Indians squatting on sidewalks, in doorways and most anywhere; streetcars jammed far worse than the subway ever was; local shops about the size of a large crate, selling odds and ends such

as maybe a couple boxes of matches, cigarettes by the piece, metal washers, some 1935 copies of "Reader's Digest," and a few other things with no apparent purpose at all; the beggars, some old and deformed and some, little naked kids—and their cry of "Box-cease, sob, box-cease"; the greatest parts of the cities, only block after block of mud and thatch where millions somehow passed their existence . . .

Cows strolling the main streets; dung patties sun-baking on the walls; groaning bullock carts; Indians washing themselves in rivers and ponds, with their clothes on; barbershops squatting on roadsides; railroad stations swarming with people, many stretched out in their clothes asleep on the platform; people starving while fertile delta-land in the country was farmed indifferently; women walking with a stately grace of carriage, from carrying bundles on their heads from childhood; the exaggerated role religion seemed to play; local theaters; the great little Indian army soldiers, and Tommies, Scots, Aussies and RAF men striding along the streets; the Indian "pause that refreshes"—a big green leaf and used like we use Coca-Cola . . . containing lime paste and betel nut.

Bouncing along the roads remindful either of a dust bowl, a swamp, or an old creek bed; the use of bamboo for almost every purpose; the appalling thickness of the jungle; banana trees and teakwood; villages blasted by bombing, shelling and in-fighting; battered pagodas, one every mile or so, and all looking like the next one; peasants carrying their worldly goods on bamboo sway-poles; Chinese soldiers grinning, ding-howing, curious, courageous, and living examples, we thought, of "ignorance is bliss"; eating C-rations and corned willy for weeks; the total absence of shops and stores in our part of Burma; the broad, blue Irawaddy; colored engineers building the Ledo road out of jungle and swamp; and ourselves, many of us toiling at things we weren't too interested in . . .

We learned a lot. Mostly, the utter foolishness of war; cruel, wasteful, unfair. We saw things. Most of them convinced us that the U.S.A. is The Place To Live; but also that we are not perfect. We may have learned some things, and may very possibly learn a lot more from other lands. We learned how much we missed Home, a thing some of us had always taken for granted. We can never forget how we missed our families and friends, how we worried about them, how we sweated out a letter. But no doubt they missed us too.

We learned to give thanks, thanks for our lives, for one thing. Our job was not

easy, but it loomed almost desirable when we read of bloody campaigns in other parts of the world. Our respect grew for the unsung foot soldier, the doughfoot who takes territory in combat—whether American, Russian, Chinese, Australian, British, Indian or African. We learned about other Americans, the guys we worked and lived with. They were of many and diverse types, but we got along and maybe gained something from knowing them. Our work was sometimes humble, but we found that system and cooperation will get things done. We learned discipline, taking orders, teamwork, even a little democracy sometimes. We discovered that we must be efficient to insure the lives of those with whom we worked.

We developed a profound hatred for war. This attitude, combined with similar feelings of ten million others in our forces and millions of our folks, plus those of many other countries, brings the hope that wise men may some day outlaw the possibility of war.

Perhaps most basic of all, we learned the value of some of the homely virtues: kindness, unselfishness, friendliness, courtesy and tolerance. We learned sympathy, humor, and not to take one's self too seriously—generosity, resourcefulness, stamina and courage. We won't get a diploma for our overseas service, but nevertheless, it will always be a part of our education.

Most of all, we wanted to be at home. Next we wanted the war over, and to be back at normal ways of living. We wanted to be with our families and friends, going to the movies, sitting in comfortable furniture in nice rooms, going about our eight-hour day earning our living, and having an opportunity now and then to be alone and quiet. We missed the diversions of our built-up American cities and country; in Burma the only things you could do for relaxation were to play ping-pong, or cards, write letters, sit and read, just sit, or hit the sack.

The surroundings were severe. We were in dense jungle in North Burma for ten months. The first of those months were rainy, damp, hot and very, very muddy. The last three the climate was fine, but we were beginning to suffer from a sort of claustrophobia, that shut-in feeling caused by the jungle, which at times seemed to be closing in on us.

The monsoon was pretty much all they'd said about it. Only one thing we proved false: they'd said you couldn't fight a war during it. We not only fought the war but won a major campaign right through the heart of the 130-inch rain of the season. Our line boys kept the engines going despite humidity conditions and our pilots flew more missions during

the monsoon than anybody had ever flown in good weather before in the same area.

Each one of us has probably told family and friends that we were the first Air Corps outfit to base in Burma since the old A.V.G. had been kicked out two years before. That was both an honor and a challenge. We have also spoken much about living through the monsoon. What was the monsoon like? Well, first, heat, almost never-ending, and moist enough to produce a skin ailment called "prickly heat." Also much rain, bringing much mud. And clouds; and bugs, of a thousand varieties and a million members of each family. And rot—some of our effects still retain that pungent, musty, decaying rot of the summer. So we went around in hip boots sometimes, at times in raincoats, other times with nothing on our backs but a couple dozen beetles. Some days were steamingly hot, but on other days the clouds brought respite. And when it rained real hard, we might be able to sleep in, and there are worse things than lying on the sack, listening to the rain pelting down.

Heightening the general interest were the first contacts with the Nip air force. On December 10 the pilots met a force of red-ball bombers and fighters and returned to base with one fighter probably destroyed and three damaged. Lieutenants Schlager, Anderson and Pappert got the credits. Three days later a similar force tried it again, and this time Captains Hamilton and Allred and Lieutenants Randall, Emrick, Anderson and Burns got in telling bursts. Their bag was four fighters destroyed and three more damaged. On attack missions, Captain Becker had destroyed the big Nankwin Road Bridge early in December; Pat Randall had blasted a big hole in the Nankwin by-pass railroad span, and in the middle of February, Lieutenants Sigler, Brand, Randall and Robinson spotted a juicy Jap convoy in the Myitkyina area and machine gunned seven vehicles.

In the spring of '44 the system of rest leaves for enlisted men began to operate, and small groups of the boys left for Shillong, that charming mountain resort in lower Assam. Not the least of its attractions, including females and a quaint brew labeled "Khasi Wine," was the supreme delight of sleeping without a mosquito net, which had become a "must" as soon as the squadron arrived in India.

And now we find ourselves at the best camp site we have ever had, not excluding Farmingdale. The nearby river with its cold, rapid waters is easily the most delightful feature. The first few weeks of our stay here has seen a marked increase in the deer mortality rate, and venison adds a greatly appreciated var-

iety to our GI rations. Perhaps the most important event in recent weeks, overshadowing the war itself, was the drawing for priorities on rotation, as the greater part of our personnel ended their twenty-first month overseas and saw rotation to Uncle Sugar in the offing.

The big single "mission" which involved the whole outfit, both ground and air, was the siege of Myitkyina (which is pronounced many ways, but mostly an abbreviation that sounds like "Mitch"), Merrill's Marauders, plus some Chinese troops, had pulled a surprise march over the hills from the chief battleground of the Mogaung Valley. On 17 May, they crept up on the main airdrome at Mitch, overpowered the small garrison, and started moving on the town. They were able to take parts of the town, but were thrown back by fierce Jap night attacks and a siege began. Meanwhile, back on the strip gliders, which had been escorted by our P-40's, were landing, followed shortly by C-47's with supplies. Weeks went by, and the Japs refused to surrender their bristling perimeter around Mitch town. Their defense consisted of a ring of trenches, armed with mutually-supporting pillboxes containing light and heavy machine guns. Our infantry could not storm these murderous lines, and we had no heavy equipment with which to reduce the Jap strongpoints, so they stayed. Then the decision was made to bring some fighter-bombers to be based at the Mitch strip, to work directly with the infantry. We got the assignment.

After one false start, 24 ground men landed at Mitch, and started servicing this forward flight. The campsite was about a mile from the Jap lines, one of the closest, if not the closest, an air corps outfit has worked to the front in the whole war. Every now and then the Japs would unlimber their artillery and take a few pot shots at the field. The first night the men, in their sublime ignorance, slept right through the shelling. Waking to find what had been going on, however, they kept one eye on a fox hole the rest of their stay. The following morning the Japs "walked" eight shells up toward the camp from the middle of the field. The last one burst about ten yards from our tent. Fragments punctured the tarp, the blue dropping chute Ralph Carnley was using for his cook shack, and nicked a P-40 or two.

This unusual "mission" gave us a situation where the line crews really put out the work. Up at 0430 hours, they'd be finishing loading the last plane for the early morning missions at dark, when the blackout started. They not only had to crew, load and bomb up the planes with this skeleton force, but had

to unload the supply transports themselves by hand. They had neither the usual S.O.S., service group nor airdrome squadrons to help, and not a single vehicle. It is a tribute to those fellows that the pilots were able to perform their excellent work in the air.

Allred took immediate charge of the operations. He sized up the situation this way: Stilwell needs heavy stuff and can't get it, so we'll be his artillery; we're based so close to the ground troops that they can tell us exactly what Jap fox-hole they want bombed; the rest we'll take care of, we and the P-40's. And that's the way it worked. Every day the infantry and combat engineer outfits would send an officer over to the squadron alert shack and brief the pilots on the exact situation, down to the last five yards. The resulting six weeks of close-support dive bombing blasted the way for the infantry to gradually capture Mitch. Some of the bombing missions established records for closeness of support that are probably world records. One time Capt. Allred knocked out a Jap pillbox ten yards in front of an American outpost. The record for a four plane flight was when Lieutenants Schlagel, Lindsay, Lindeman and Foster knocked out a Jap strongpoint just across the road from the American lines—55 feet away. Many other missions were successful 30 to 50 yards in front of our troops—all without casualty to our infantry.

The outfit is naturally proud of its work in this campaign. General Wessles, the ground commander, showed his appreciation by presenting Allred with a commendation which led to a Legion of Merit.

The ground crews experienced a great deal during the battle. They not only could watch the planes they had serviced take the air and a few moments later dive on the Japs, but they saw Nip planes on four occasions. Once our area was bombed and strafed, in an attack that came as a surprise, to say the least. As usual, the Nips took full advantage of the weather, flying in from the sunnier south while our planes were still grounded. Aird, Burke, and Fulmer took fragments but were back at work in a day or so. Jezeabee Brooks swears one Nip was the worst shot he'd ever seen. "I'm dashing for this foxhole," says Jesse, "and before I get there I see this Zero pointing right at me blazing away. He couldn't have been over 200 yards away but I'll swear every single bullet missed me by 20 yards, thank goodness." Two days later about 30 Nips ventured up, but this time Allred, Gale, Baldy and Okie were in the air. The four routed and turned back this unusually large force,

which only dropped one bomb (that fell wide) and did no strafing. Our flight shot down five Zeros confirmed plus one probable and two damaged. On 3 August, Myitkyina fell, and this unique mission was over. We returned to the jungles, and the monsoon.

The return to the jungle from the intensive, but healthier, conditions at Mitch, helped bring about the inevitable day when the pilots would be judged "war weary" and rotated back to the States. Allred, who soon made major, had 200 combat missions, and all of the original pilots had well over 100. Sam Brand was the first to leave. During the long, rainy summer we converted to P47s, and supported General Festing's British 36th Division down the railway corridor to Katha. Toward the end of October the ground situation, after a good rest, picked up speed and we took Bhamo and Namhkam in a hurry and opened the Burma Road—all the way from Ledo to Kunming.

So we submit: Mission Accomplished.

After what seemed like ages, we reached Assam. Here, at "Nagasnatch," we celebrated our first year away from the States with a party where feminine talent was supplied, as always, by the ever-pleasing, tireless Red Cross gals and U.S. Army nurses. It was also here that Group commemorated this anniversary with a gala field day—held a track meet, volley ball, badminton and softball tournaments and other sports events. Major General Howard G. Davidson, Commanding General of the 10th Air Force, presented winners with silver cups at an evening party. We walked away with top honors in softball and volleyball and second in badminton and several other events.

And why Assam?

One had only to look at the clear skies which on the good days shone down on our Valley home to find the answer. More often than not they were filled with the transport planes of the A.T.C. starting out on their famous "Hump" route to China, and it was to protect this route and the bases from which it originated that became our assigned mission. From these bases our planes took off on patrol missions over the "Hump" and there they flew overlapping patrols from dawn until dusk every day that the weather permitted.

During the first five months of our operations the patrols comprised the bulk of our missions. Also, however, there were sandwiched in offensive combat missions directed against enemy targets in northern Burma, the theory of such missions being to disrupt enemy supply lines and lines of communications.

One type of such mission for which we were later to become famous was attacks made on road and railroad bridges. First blood was drawn when Capt. Sussky and Lt. Adair each scored a direct hit with a thousand-pounder on the Loilaw Railroad bridge, south of Mogaung. This was the forerunner of many more successful missions run against this type of target.

Although for the duration of our stay in Assam, our principal missions continued to be the defense of the transport bases against enemy air attack, our operations became more varied. By 1 January 1944, the U.S. Army Engineers had hacked a road out of the jungles and across the mountains that separated Ledo from the native village of Shingbuiyang, Burma. Shingbuiyang was in the hands of the American-trained Chinese forces operating under General Stilwell, and its capture marked the beginning of the drive to open an overland route to China. Only those who have lived in a jungle-infested country could appreciate what the construction of such a road involves in labor, expense and just plain physical endurance, under most adverse conditions of weather and supply. As this is being written, the job has been completed and the squadron is proud of the part it played in making the construction of this road possible. The road itself, a super-human feat of engineering, will remain as a monument to those who aided in its successful completion.

Immediately after the fall of Myitkyina, we moved into Burma. The many luxuries we had grown used to in Assam were noticeably lacking in Burma. At first there were none unless you counted as such the nights, which as compared with the excruciating heat of the daylight hours were a blessing. But at times even the nights brought their discomforts, all mostly in the form of enemy aid raids that seemed to be timed exactly with the arrival of the full moon. Our casualties in both men and equipment, however, were light. Lanasa and Ajjan collected the Purple Heart for minor wounds suffered from bomb fragments and on one raid a small anti-personnel bomb scored a direct hit on one of our planes, damaging it.

The tempo of our operations during the months of October, 1944-February, 1945, far exceeded those of any previous period in our history, both in missions flown and bombs and ammunition expended. In June, 1944, the old P-40, which had done such yeomen service in this Theater, gave way to the newer, bigger and heavier P-47 Thunderbolt, the plane which had been the squadron's first love.

The month of October typified the effectiveness of our attacks. Nineteen mis-

sions, comprising 107 sorties, accounted for the destruction of 10 enemy-held bridges, all important links in the Jap's fast dwindling supply line. Also in February, 1945, the outfit broke all Group records for tons of bombs dropped and ammunition expended in a single day's operations. The 30½ tons of bombs dropped on this day more than doubled our previous day's high and when to this is added the 37,600 rounds of ammunition expended a better idea can be gained of the wallop packed by our seven-ton "pea shooters."

The mission of the outfit is not complete, and it will not be complete until the last Jap plane is driven from the sky. Those who remain to carry out this assignment are capable and daring, and we are confident in their ability to carry on successfully and in the proud tradition of the organization any mission to which they may be assigned. Good luck and happy hunting.

Our record of enemy aircraft destroyed began with the interception on 10 December 1944, by a flight led by William S. Harrell and consisting of George C. Whitley, Dodd V. Shepard, and Robert L. McCarty, of three Jap bombers and four fighters in the "Hump" area. As the result of this engagement, three bombers and two fighters were destroyed without loss to ourselves.

Three days after this raid a large enemy formation consisting of 24 bombers and 35 fighters attacked the airdome at Dinjan. We had little warning of this large formation, and only one of our planes made initial contact, that piloted by Philip R. Adair. Undoubtedly his boldness and daring in attacking this formation of enemy planes, for which he received the Silver Star, prevented it from inflicting material damage. James F. May also made contact later and between them they destroyed one fighter and one bomber and damaged three more planes.

Apart from another interception on 18 January, 1944 resulting in the destruction of one enemy fighter by Fred S. Evans and damage to two more, our principal encounter with the enemy occurred on 27 March 1944. On this occasion a four-ship flight led by Robert D. Bell, and consisting of Percy A. Marshall, Raymond B. McReynolds and Herbert H. Doughty, sighted and attacked an enemy formation of some 15 bombers escorted by 25 fighters. Four bombers and six fighters were destroyed in this engagement, and later when reports from outfits came in, including that from all local units, a recapitulation showed 27 enemy planes destroyed and many more claimed as probables or damaged. For their alertness and

outstanding success in this engagement the Group subsequently received a Unit Citation from Headquarters, 10th Air Force; Bell, the Distinguished Service Cross and the other members of the flight the Silver Star.

* * *

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times . . . In fact, it was a time very much like the present."—Charles Dickens.

Being part of the 80th Fighter Group, we had made a fine record during the training period and we also became very popular with the townspeople of Long Island and particularly those of Jackson Heights. Many of the men married while at LaGuardia Field and Santini. The hospitality of these people will never be forgotten. You would think the people were seeing their own sons leaving for overseas duty the way they all treated us. After a short furlough of four days, we moved to our P.O.E. from where we shoved off with good wishes of a brass band playing the Air Corps song and the Red Cross women passing the coffee and donuts to us going up the gangplank.

Within a few days of our arrival we had a welcoming committee—on two occasions—of Jap flyers. Our planes were ready and waiting but the enemy planes never came within gun range of our fighters.

Co-incidental with our arrival General Stilwell launched his now famous bid for the Ledo Road, which some day he hoped to link with the old Burma Road. We became an integral part of that campaign, bombing and strafing Jap lines and communication systems. Bridges were an important early target most of the time because Stilwell operated upon the theory that starved troops are dead ones and the only good Jap is a dead one.

We were helpful in the elimination of many a Jap "pocket." The infantrymen, Merrill's Marauders and the Stilwell American-trained Chinese, would encircle a large number of the enemy and our planes would work them over, bombing and strafing that pocket until the perimeter narrowed to such an extent that overrunning the Jap position was relatively easy. Thus small forces of the infantry could annihilate larger numbers of the enemy and the other troops would swiftly move ahead to slap another road block upon another unit of Japs. This method of fighting was what won Myitkyina and eventually the whole of the North Burma campaign. Our outfit had the first planes to operate from a field in Burma since the American Volunteer Group left that country in 1942.

The world-famous Hump Hoppers, the boys who flew the treacherous sky-way

to China from India over oftentimes insurmountable heights, were also included in our many varied "jobs." We patrolled the India side of the Hump fighting off the Zeros which strove to cut that vital supply line to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and Gen Chennault's 14th Air Force.

Our record of aerial combat is remarkable in that the number of enemy planes destroyed is many in relation to the few Americans who were shot down. Our first battle for the supremacy of the air over Burma resulted in seven out of the nine bombers and one fighter being destroyed. The two other bombers are listed as probably destroyed. Air opposition was never much of a problem and the Japs would venture out only upon occasion and in large numbers after this, but each time their losses increased and they licked their wounds and evaded combat.

In June of '44 we again operated with P-47's, the first in this theater, and the added range was most helpful in giving us targets farther and farther down into Japanese-held territory. We supported the troops on the Salween Front and did much damage to rolling stock and bridges deep in Burma. We carried two 1,000-lb. bombs on missions and results were reported excellent. On days-off enlisted men flew as crewmen on C-47's, kicking out supplies at forward air-dropping stations.

Two rescue parties were formed from volunteers to hunt for wrecked transports in the Burma hills and on both occasions the missions were wholly successful. Lieutenants McDonnell and Wigly, S/Sgt. Woodham, Sgt. Meyers and Cpl. Hoffman were the men who endured many days of hardship and danger. Two men from our outfit were believed to have been on one of the wrecked ships and this proved to be true. One, however, is still unaccounted for and it is believed that he walked away from the wreck.

The Japs took to night bombings and several places nearby were hit more than a few times—but the damage and casualties were never heavy. To offset the rigors of boredom we were treated to numerous traveling USO shows, Camp Shows and Inter-Theater G.I. shows. The best liked entertainers were Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenburg and their troupe.

The list of commendations and other instances of official notice are far too numerous to mention individually. From Generals G. C. Marshall, H. H. Arnold, H. C. Davidson to the commanding officers of the front-line troops we have worked with, the fact of our outfit's and our group's all-around excellence has been amply testified and approved.

Such testimonials and such an out-

standing record is not the cause of any one man or any one group of men. Rather it is a tribute to the spirit and initiative of each and every man in the outfit, enlisted men as well as officers, privates as well as Master Sergeants, 2nd Lieutenants as well as full Colonels. Realization of this truism is all important in making of a record such as ours. To list all the personal achievements and medals awarded our personnel would be wholly out of reason in speaking of the outfit as one unit but suffice it to say that there are many, many decorations, both among the officers and enlisted men. You do not fly over 200 combat missions in other theaters—but you do over Burma. The men have earned their awards and much more... the knowledge that each effort expended helps drive the enemy to final defeat is enough for us all regardless of recognition.

We shall continue to do our appointed tasks until we achieve the final victory and we shall move and move again until the Japs are ground into the earth even as they so treacherously ground our soldiers, sailors and marines on the Day of Infamy at Pearl Harbor! —THE END

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The Name Game in Burma

From The Times of London

RANGOON, BURMA—What's in a name? Anywhere in the world names may be misleading or deceptive and in Burma they are usually puzzling as well.

One recalls Mr. Palm Tree of the Buddhist birth stories who was a dwarf; Mr. Immortal, who died young; and Ma Hla (Miss Beauty) who is really rather plain but whose mother's tender affection put beauty into her name. A newly arrived foreigner mistook Ma Hla as the daughter of U Hla, thinking that Hla was a family name.

To the newcomer in Burma, Burmese names are hard to remember. Usually they are of one or two syllables, but the current tendency is to be trisyllabic. This is because Burmese names are never patronymic and because a wife always retains her maiden name.

But the name of Hla can be both masculine and feminine. There are a horde of Maung Hlas or Ko Hlas or U Hlas who are not related. They are, of course, masculine as distinct from the feminine Ma Hlas and Daw Hlas, who also are not related.

This is where confusion becomes worse confounded. The N Hla whom you met at one cocktail party suddenly answered to the name of Ko Hla—and on yet another occasion he went by the name of Maung Hla.

So also the Daw Hla, to whom you had been paying respectful attentions, might suddenly be called by her chaperone, who addressed her as Ma Hla. What is it all about?

U, perhaps, is now universally known, thanks to U Thant, the Burmese Secretary General of the United Nations. The Burmese, however, consider it unesthetic to say the least to have this vowel pronounced as ewe when it should rhyme with moo. Few realize that, when one is addressing the Secretary General as U Thant, one is calling him uncle—for that is what U means.

The Burmese respect age, and the greater the age the more it is respected. So when you meet a person whose age might be that of your mother's brother, it is always polite to address him as U.

The Burmese also respect rank, authority, and position in life. So U is again used as a mark of respect for anyone above the addresser's station in life irrespective of age.

In fact, therefore, the U is the greatest compliment one can offer to a Burman. But beware! Many elderly bachelors in

the company of bright young things are reluctant to be reminded of age.

So do not get alarmed when someone you were addressing as U Tun Sein (Bright Diamond) is suddenly addressed warmly by the tender sex as Ko Tun Sein—an alliteration which denotes endearment.

Here Ko means elder brother, and it may sometimes be developed into Kogyi, which signifies closer ties between individuals. Ko or Kogyi denotes familiarity or intimate friendship.

Maung is applied to anyone younger than oneself. It is especially reserved for young children. If U Tun Sein's teenage son is named Ni Toot (Deep Red) call him so, if you are older than he. There is no harm.

But if you call him Maung Ni Toot, it is better, because it denotes affection. But when Maung Ni Toot passes his examinations and becomes a "gazetted officer"—that is, when his official status has been announced in the Burma Gazette—it is advisable that he be addressed as U Ni Toot—never mind his tender age and experience.

Generally speaking, if you are not sure of one's seniority in age or in rank, it is always safe to call a person Ko "so-and-so."

Now to come to things feminine. Ma means sister—younger and elder alike—and Daw means aunt. You can use Ma with impunity for any female—from a one-day-old to not yet past middle age. But be careful with the use of Daw, especially when you are addressing an unmarried lady.

—THE END

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

Constancy in City of Change

Reprinted from The Statesman

BY SUNANDA K. DATTA-RAY

Calcutta struck at once . . . and hard. Around me the tumult of Howrah Station, jostling coolies, the crowds pressing in. I edged my way out to safety and realized then that my sun-glasses—bought in London—had disappeared. I complained but the authorities could promise little. Slight in itself, the incident shattered the dream-like idyll of the long voyage out. With a jolt it awakened me to the present, to the harshly throbbing reality of this sprawling ulcerous city in which I was born. I was home again and what I had lost was but a small price to pay for that privilege.

I remembered that same railway station as I had last seen it six years ago. Howrah, dingy in the darkness, with its pools of kindly light. A ring of anxious, friendly faces, and the mail train shuddering in its iron veins as it steamed slowly into the night. Now the golden noon revealed Howrah in all its familiar shoddy shabbiness and, one by one, I felt the years spent abroad fall off like autumn leaves and I was a boy again, intensely alive to every nuance of sight and sound that for me is woven into the fabric of this city.

They had warned me that I would find it changed. That people in Calcutta were no longer the same. Indians I had known in England and who had since returned wrote back to say that Calcutta was dirty and over-crowded, that they yearned with homesick hearts for their bed-sitters in Notting Hill or Bayswater. Europeans I met on the ship coming out pulled long faces and complained of rising costs and difficult servants, of encroachments on their social privileges and the Government's restrictions on the import of luxury goods.

I listened to it all just as I listened in silence when they said that six years away were bound to have wrought changes within me. "Your values are bound to be different now" said Europeans who claimed to "know" Calcutta, and I wondered if Truth and Beauty, and Good and Evil, were not the same the whole world over. "Things like bribery will seem wrong to you now," said a young Scotsman, making in his ignorance almost that same faux pas that had raised such a storm of protest after Lord Curzon's notorious Convocation Address so many years ago. But I did not argue, for his Calcutta is not mine and there is

room here for all shades and opinions, room for all-comers.

Yet, sometimes I wondered. Not indeed about Calcutta for the city, though ugly, is, like Rome, eternal, but about myself. I wondered if, having lived in Britain, I was unfit to live anywhere else, if a foreign influence could be so pervasive, so negatively powerful. I wondered too if, as for others I knew, life would seem meaningless without Saturday morning browsings round Hampstead's delicatessen counters and Saturday evenings on the Chiswick towpath. For there are such others. There are etiolated shades in exile who will tell you with a shrug that India has nothing to offer, that they feel far more at home in England.

And then, as our car wove its tortuous way through lanes of bizarre traffic, I knew it was not so. Calcutta lay about me. Peeling stucco, garish sign-boards, honking cars, gharries, clanging trams, rickshaws, bullock carts, pariah dogs and sweating men and beasts all crowding the streets under the midday sun in violent contradiction of Noel Coward's ditty. I knew then that I belonged. To the dust and the heat, and the well-remembered scent of humanity in the mass, of incense and rotting vegetables, of burning ghee and pungent dung. It was all laced into an atmosphere that I had known well, that I had missed without realizing it, and that now came flooding back with a sense of pent up excitement let loose. A sense of release and fulfilment.

Places, street names, buildings, they brought back the years to me like the knots on a date palm. A wrought iron park bench where I had pored over a book evening after evening to avoid soccer at college, a well-remembered cafe where now a juke box blared out cheap jazz in sad imitation of a London coffee bar. The channa-chur man's sing-song cries were just the same, tempting, pleading, redolent of a forbidden delicacy, and in the bazar continued the age-old routine of buying and selling, of haggling for a few pice, continuous as the Windmill. Here and there a few stalls were closing down. Their bare-bodied owners sprinkled water and lit joss sticks, there were flowers and chants and it struck me that life here, even for the poor, has a certain grace, a certain flowing rhythm.

Not that I missed the squalor and the poverty, the many signs of growing

decay and deterioration in places that had once impressed me. There were other visible changes too. Towering modern buildings, blocks of fashionable flats, numerous Chinese shops in unlikely places and an abundance of cheap Soviet literature. But, beneath it all, I found the city unchanged and the red and white banners for Durga Puja had been hoisted at our street corner as they have been done for as long as I can remember. Time stands still at that corner where three roads meet in an anonymous patch of brown, and boys in thin white cotton still linger to gossip in the fading dusk, among them faces that I recognize, names that I know.

They are the youth of Bengal, no less thwarted and frustrated than their angry young brethren in London. But their

pleasures, in comparison, are naive, and their vices innocent, their opportunities are few and their aspirations modest. Only their liabilities and obligations are inevitably large. Their tragedy is the tragedy of Bengal, read in the painfully thin bodies and haggard faces, the dull numb expressions that surround me in the street and on buses and trams. I can travel by car and taxi but I cannot blot out Calcutta. It is with me, it is in me. Poor, insistent, groaning under the burden of middle class respectability.

I have quickly come to recognize this and where once I would turn my face away, now, having seen and known the prosperity of Europe, I feel involved. That is the appeal of Calcutta and only the most unfeeling can refuse it. —THE END

Travel Restrictions Relaxed Gradually

There Are Changes In China

By The Associated Press

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The coolies have gone from the waterfront of Communist China and the beggars have left her streets.

Women may be growing more style-conscious and businessmen are becoming less wary in their dealings with Westerners.

But it's still a land where the foreigner gets a 65 per cent discount while the natives pay top dollar for the goods they produce.

This is the report of Capt. John Lewis, 33, Welsh master of the converted oil tanker Stancloud.

In the 10 years he has been sailing to China he has noted a gradual relaxation of once rigid restrictions governing the movement of foreigners. While he finds it easier to get around in Communist China today, there are few places to go and little to do.

Lewis spoke of the changes he has seen since he first shipped to China in 1953 as an apprentice on a ship carrying fertilizer to Tsintao.

Today he is master of one of the hundreds of vessels of all registers—except those of Japan and the United States—that have carried some 6½ million tons of grain worth \$500 million to Red China since early 1961.

You can carry a camera in China, provided you don't take pictures within city limits or of military installations, and

you have the film processed before leaving the country.

"As long as you comply with their regulations and don't cause them any bother, the authorities won't cause you any trouble," Lewis says.

Shanghai and Dairen are dull cities with little to do and there are only two places for Lewis and his men to go—the Seamen's Club and the Friendship department store. The discount allowed foreigners in the store is up to 65 per cent on anything to be taken out of the country.

The sailor in Shanghai or Dairen makes few contacts, according to Lewis.

"You walk the streets and you have a crowd following you. They stare. They watch to see where you will go, what you will buy. It's just Chinese curiosity and it's been that way ever since I began running to China.

"They stare at you and you stare back. If you smile, they'll smile."

But Lewis has learned not to talk politics.

"One chap tried to draw me out on Viet Nam. I told him that if the United States and the Chinese wanted to fight each other, that was their business."

During a recent stopover in China, Lewis went to a beach.

It could have been a beach scene anywhere—except that the women's costumes dated back to "about 1914."

"There certainly were no bikinis."

—THE END

IN CHINA SKIES

(Dedicated to the Fighter Pilots
of 74th Fighter Squadron)

The storm clouds gather, for their nest
Is o'er the field wherein we rest,
To us on ground it fortells
Safety awhile from horror of Hell.

Today's morn golden ball peeps o'er the hill,
Breathe deep but exhale nil,
Peer furtively into azure blue,
That message of color spells true.

Not long to wait, not short the calls,
Glistening scarlet, two round balls,
Electric the shock of expectancy instills,
Human creatures, there will be kills.

The hum, the roar, the crack of props,
The Tigers grin, their blood is hot,
Chafing, panting, growling to go,
To bite and tear entrails of Zeros.

It's lord, it's master, young and keen,
Eyes bright and perhaps eighteen,
A child to you, a hero to me,
He flirts with death, for Liberty.

Time ticks on and crosses grow,
On the Good Earth, row on row,
The future gains by their grace,
Mourn their loss we can't efface.

Turn Four Freedoms towards China skies,
Beseech benedictions from Angels high,
In vivid memory the scene remains,
Of China skies, but not in vain.

S/SGT. MILTON KLEIN
(Stationed somewhere in China)

BOOK REVIEWS



REMINISCENCES. By General Douglas MacArthur. McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, N.Y. September, 1964. \$6.95.

In his own survey of an eventful and sometimes controversial career, General MacArthur recalls high points of his life from his boyhood on Army posts to his return to the United States after President Harry Truman's dismissal of him from Far Eastern command. Much of the book is, of course, about the General's military career; much of it is about the Philippines. MacArthur also covers some of his battles with public officials.

SOVIET SCIENTIST IN RED CHINA. By Mikhail A. Klobenko. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York, N.Y. \$4.94

This is a personal account by a Soviet scientist of what has happened in Red China and a significant contribution to the understanding of China's past, present and future and its implications for the West. The author, who took asylum in Canada in 1961, bases his book on unrestricted opportunities to observe and talk to the Chinese as a member of two Soviet missions, in 1958 and in 1960. His relations with his Chinese hosts were warm, but he judges Chinese science to be backward, hampered by politics, insular, and too firmly under the thumb of Mao Tse-tung.

BABUR THE TIGER. By Harold Lamb. Bantam Books, New York, N.Y. September, 1964. Paperback, 60c.

Another lively and interesting Lamb historical novel. Babur was the first of the Great Moguls, founder of the Mogul dynasty in the 15th century, the dynasty that brought India to its peak of culture, wealth and brilliance. Much of the book is based on Babur's own autobiography.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING IN JAPAN. By Josiah Conder. Dover Publications, New York. August 1964. Paperback, \$3.00.

The author, an English architect, went to Japan in 1877 at the invitation of the Japanese government to become the first instructor of architecture in the engineering department of the Imperial University. As such, he played a key role in introducing the western style of architecture to Japan, designing some 70 buildings. He also absorbed much knowledge of native Japanese art forms and in this book he offered an historical sketch of Japanese gardening and a dis-

cussion of five different types of Japanese gardens. Illustrations include lithographs by a Japanese artist and photographs prepared for the 1912 edition, of which this is a reprint.

PAKISTAN YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By Donald N. Wilber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., New York. August 1964. \$3.95.

An analysis of the political, social and economic institutions of a country very much in the news.

THE LOVELY WORLD OF RICHI-SAN. By Allan R. Bosworth. Perennial Library (Harper & Row), New York, N.Y. September, 1964. Paperback, 65c.

A picture of postwar Japan through the eyes of a Navy captain working in public relations. He gave English lessons to a group of Japanese, with some of whom he became great friends. Critics call it a delightful book, but marred by the use of too much broken English.

THE CONSCIENCE OF INDIA. By Creighton Lacy. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, N. Y. October, 1964. \$7.50.

Through personal interviews with a host of Indian politicians and thinkers, including Nehru and President Prasad, the author attempts to tell how the oldest religious society in the world preserved its wisdom and world view while undergoing the modernization demanded by contemporary society.

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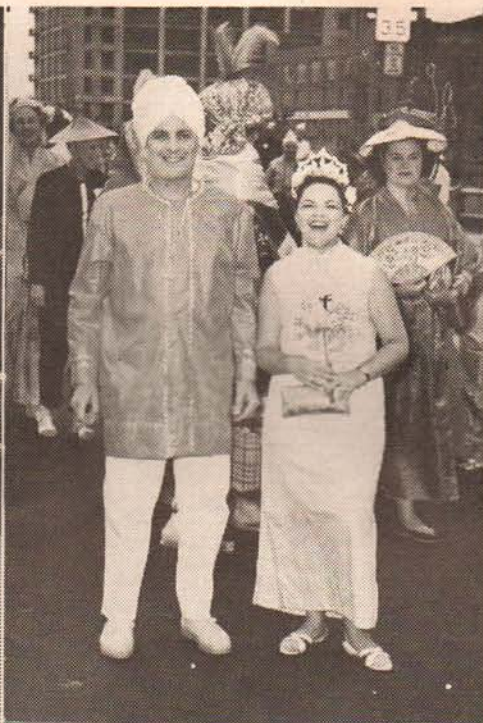
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A FEW of the many Puja Paraders at the 1964 CBI reunion in Philadelphia are shown in these pictures, furnished by Home Guild Studio of 4742 Rising Sun Avenue, Philadelphia 20, Pa.



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—The Central Government has initiated a series of measures in recent months to modernize the jute industry and step up the export of jute, which is India's largest single earner of foreign exchange.

MADRAS—A gram sevak, who sought the intervention of the Chingleput district collector to stop his proposed marriage, finally landed himself in police custody. Thyagarajan of Maduranthakam village, 35 years old, petitioned the Collector of Chingleput, a nearby district, that he was being married against his wish by his step-mother and wanted the wedding to be stopped. As his petition was ignored, Thyagarajan commenced a fast in front of the collector's office. On the collector's complaint, he was then arrested on a charge of attempting to commit suicide.

NEW DELHI—The Union Agriculture Ministry is exploring the possibility of stepping up the production of black mushrooms for which Indian exporters have received queries from several western countries.

NEW DELHI—The tower testing plant of an engineering corporation near Santa Cruz airport, Bombay, which constituted a hazard to flying operations, has been dismantled by the corporation. Removal of the tower testing plant will bring a sense of relief to pilots of all airlines operating to and through Santa Cruz airport, as it was an obstruction to the landing and take-off of jet aircraft.

NEW DELHI—Mechanization of the unloading process of foodgrains at Indian ports, even on a limited scale, might have to be introduced fairly soon despite opposition from labor unions. The renewed emphasis being given to the question of mechanization now results from the latest assessment of five million tons against the average import now of four million tons.

NEW DELHI—The Steel Ministry is understood to be considering plans to set up at least three more blast furnaces in the public sector, in an effort to raise pig iron output. The Government will import 150,000 tonnes of foundry grade pig iron annually during the next two or three years to meet the demand for it. Talks with Russia in this connection are being held.

JAIPUR—Scholarship thrives best in good weather. This would appear to be true if one visits the Kalibanga excavations site near Hanumangarh. After having found clues to what is being claimed as a 3000 to 2000 BC civilization, the scholars and the field workers have abandoned the project and will resume work only when there is respite from the heat. This, one is told, has been the practice for the last four years since the excavations were begun by the Archaeological Survey of India.

NEW DELHI—The Union Health Ministry has decided to recommend to the Government the mass manufacture of birth control appliances in the country. The decision is based on the recommendation of a Ford Foundation team. The Ministry proposes to organize in the next few years a corps of 150,000 full-time family planning workers.

CHANDIGARH—The Chief Minister of Punjab, Mr. Ram Kishen, has reduced the strength of his personal staff from 69 to 33. He took this step with a view to avoid wasteful expenditure.

MADRAS—A DKM member of the Madras Assembly has suggested capital punishment for anti-social elements like hoarders and black-marketers.

ALLAHABAD—The intrinsic value of the rupee has been reduced to 17 paise during the past 20 years, according to Dr. A. N. Agarwala, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce.

MORABAD—Armed dacoits injured and looted passengers on two trains of the Northern Railway in one day recently. In both cases they escaped by pulling the alarm chains and bringing the trains to a stop.

NEW DELHI—In keeping with the general policy of gradual replacement of steam traction by electric or diesel locomotives, the Railways Ministry has decided that its Chittaranjan factory well stop manufacturing steam locomotives by 1972. Chittaranjan now turns out 164 steam locomotives annually and will be in position to produce 72 electric engines every year by the end of the Third Plan.

CALCUTTA—The proposal for a second crossing of the Hooghly River at the Prinsep Ghat has taken shape with the presentation of a model by a British firm which has been employed by the Government of West Bengal for a feasibility study. It took two years to prepare the report and model. According to the model, the bridge is a tied arch type, much simpler, though longer, than the Howrah Bridge, also designed by the same firm. It would be 75 feet wide and about a mile long, costing Rs 12 crores for construction alone.



YOUNG Chinese coolie at Kweilin with bamboo pole and baskets used to carry heavy loads. Photo by Albert T. Willis, Jr.

Siamese Twins

● Dr. J. J. Kazar of Tchula, Miss., well-known past national officer of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, was the physician who delivered Siamese twins born to an unemployed Negro laborer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Loflan Moore of Tchula, last summer. The case received nationwide publicity, as one of the babies was stillborn and the other is now expected to live a normal life. An hour after their delivery—without a caesarean operation, which is rare in the case of Siamese births—in Dr. Kazar's clinic, the twins were taken to Greenwood, 25 miles from Tchula, for surgery successfully separating them.

LESLIE MASON,
Laurens, Iowa

Twenty-Year Memories

● Your "Return to India" in 1964 brings back memories of 20 years ago, when I spent more than 18 months there during World War II. When I left India I swore I never wanted to see any part of that country again; now, but for a shortage of funds, I'd certainly be with

you on this fabulous trip. I hope you bring back pictures and information that you can pass on to us through the pages of Ex-CBI Roundup in the months to come.

ALFRED C. CARTER,
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Return to India

● Hope you have a swell trip to India and bring back lots of pictures. Too bad you are not going to As-

sam; as you know, I was stationed there with the 234th General Hospital. Lots of luck to you and the ex-CBIers going with you.

JERRY LAROTONDA,
Beacon, N.Y.

It will be interesting to see India again . . . and we hope to have pictures for several issues.—Ed.

18th Vet. Evac. Hosp.

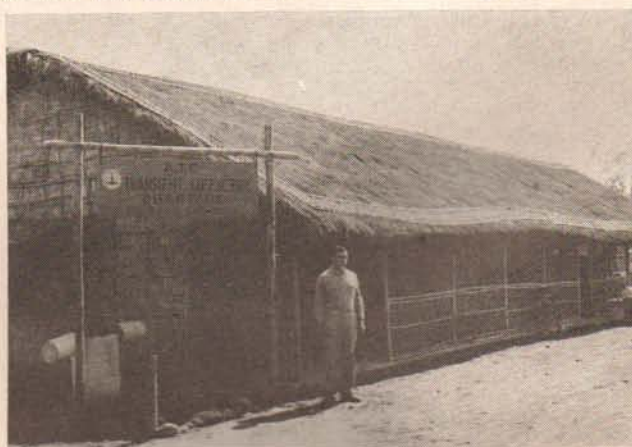
● Enjoy every copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and don't care to miss any of them. Sure seems funny I never read anything about the 18th Vet. Evac. Hosp. in Burma or see any of my buddies' names. Have told many about the magazine; I do hope that we keep having it a long time.

HERMAN A. VESTING,
Tripoli, Iowa

775 Pipeline Co.

● Just couldn't be without Ex-CBI Roundup. Mrs. Robert E. Long of Los Angeles, Calif., the wife of my buddy Pete Long, came by for a two-way visit recently on her way to Kentucky. It was the first time for us to meet; my wife and I enjoyed her very much. Pete and I served in CBI at the Wanting, China, Tank Farm with the 775 Pipeline Co.

PAUL BORGHARDT,
Drumright, Okla.



TRANSIENT officers quarters of A.T.C. at Misamari Air Base in India. Photo by James A. Dearbeyne.

Commander's Message

by

Douglas J. Runk

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Our ways of seeking that which is most fair and lovely cannot be indirect. Neither can our ways of holding fast to those things which are good be argumentative. There must be a directness in all our endeavors, an unmistakable forthrightness which cannot be misconstrued as spiritless confusion of purpose.

This firm attitude is particularly important when we direct our efforts toward the development of our youth. We seek in them mirrors of our better selves, want for them a better place, and ask of them strong characters to endure what their generation may prescribe. Fortunately or otherwise, the latter depends largely upon what we leave with them through examples, through discipline, and through a combination of teaching actions.

Of necessity, then, we must be realistic and know that the rearing of youth is a demanding task, that its demands for our attention and guidance are constant. Our youth, admittedly, are our most precious possessions.

When CBIVA set up its Youth Group several years ago, it did so without a planned program beyond making a place for our youth at the annual reunions. This appears to be a project which should be enlarged upon inasmuch as nothing could be more logical than to begin with our own youth organization's stress upon Americanism, unity of purpose, and unity of family.

Young people with ideals become leaders. If we are to assist them to become

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—Ed.

good leaders, then we must make sure that the ideals which they develop are sound, ambitious, and responsible. We must help them to establish their values which, when once developed, will be lasting through adulthood.

There has been an abundance of material written this year about our being a generation, a country, a people without heroes. I would not say that we are without heroes so much as I would confirm that the situations which instigated the writings were without johnny-on-the-spot courage or plain people with plain gumption. In such situations, compassion must be accompanied by courage to act; and that courage must be instilled when a person's sense of values is being formed.

The idea is not to stereotype our youngsters but to give them an awareness of nature's best and an awareness of their responsibilities in maintaining the standards set for them. If they become hero material, then lessons will have been learned well; and we will know that we have contributed something tangible for tomorrow.

Jim Jones is National Chairman of the Youth Group this year with Kasey Stansberry as Co-Chairman. They would like to hear from all members of the group, especially with regard to suggestions for the 1965 reunion. Adults, too, should communicate with Jim at 7714 Moreley Street, Houston, Texas.

Youth Group activities, however, should not be confined to the annual reunion. We should assist them in broadening their sphere of interest. Your response to this appeal will help strengthen that group, and all CBIVA members are urged to forward suggestions to Jim or to your Commander.

With a vivid remembrance of things past, coupled with enthusiasm to pursue our objectives carefully, we will succeed in this endeavor and be stronger by it.

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BURMESE family poses with American lieutenant beside the family basha. Photo by H. Clausen.

It Happened in CBI

● May I suggest that you start a section in the magazine calling for amusing, bizarre or peculiar events that may have happened to veterans of CBI? I daresay that almost everyone who was there had something a little odd happen to him or her at one time or another. From time to time I feel that I could write a book, but can't remember things in sequence, and am particularly bad about remembering names. The articles could range anywhere from "The time I saw the panther on the porch" to "The time the gem merchant cheated me out of 80 rupees." Even 20 years can not dim the warmth and fondness I feel for the people I met in India.

FRANCES E. VINES, R.N.,
Salisbury, N.C.

We'd be happy to have contributions of items like those mentioned. If we get enough of them we'll start a special section of them; otherwise we'll use them in the letters to the Editor column.—Ed.

Met at VFW Meeting

● Recently had the pleasure of meeting Ex-T/Sgt. John M. Giarratano who was attached to the 1007th. Special Service Engineers in Chabua, India and Kunming, China. John and I met at a VFW meeting here

in Rockland County, N.Y. He very kindly loaned me two copies of your fine magazine, for which I can't thank him enough. Con-

gratulations on a very excellent magazine. I never had any idea that such a one ever existed.

I was a pilot with the Air Transport Command and was based in Sookerating, India, and Chenkung, China (on the lake just south of Kunming). After a few months in "Sook" and a few trips over the "Hump" I volunteered for 100% combat duty in China. After many missions all over China I was assigned to Shanghai and made trips into Okinawa, Canton and many other places of interest. If anyone should like to write to John Giarratano, he is working for the Beckerle Lumber Co., Spring Valley, N.Y.

EVERETT S. GATES,
Spring Valley, N.Y.



MALE DANCER at an Indian club in 1944. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

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